
Title: A Heart Torn

Author: Missy

Two years have past
since my home lands were
destroyed, or rather lost.
I watched as those I
knew and loved so dearly
were torn apart, beaten,
maimed, and charred. The
beast that did this have
no hearts, no compassion,
no mercy. They know only
vengeance, cruelty, death,
and pilaging. Ever do they
cherish their golden items,
their treasures! What
about my treasures!?!?
My treasures were my
family, my friends, my
comrads. I was tortured
in a way. Incapaciated
early in the battle, I was
unable to fight and thus
unnoticed by the beasts.
My torture was to watch
and wait as my friends
died, as they moaned in
pain and agony. Their pain
did not end for many
hours. I could not step
forward and even try to
fight, nor could I shed a
single tear. I had calmly
listened to the dying
request of an old
comrade. He said to me,
"Missy my dear, stand
your ground. Someone
must survive to bring
vengeance! It must be
you. Take my sword and
my shield. Lay in wait
till the beasts be gone,
err they tear you to
bits like the lot of us."
Around this time I had
begun to cry, but no
sooner had I begun then I
stopped. With one
comanding voice we all

listened to, he said,
"Some warrior you be!
Crying now to a man
soon to die. Crying
before your comrades. We
have no need for your
tears, not now, not until
you have avenged us! Now!
stop your foolishness and
be silent. My best
regards my dear, and
remember, Breakfast well,
for tonight we dine in
Hell. Good" By my
friend.

He died there
beside me, finally silent,
finally able to move on to
the Lost Isle. I have
never shed another tear
in my life, nor have I
ever backed down from a
fight. Once the night had
come, and the groans of
my comrades had faded. I
climbed from the grass,
out of the blood. Away
from the seas of blood,
away from the seas of
charred ashes, away from
the bodies of my friends,
away from the corpses
of mine enemies. I have
not wandered far from
those enemies. I lurk in
the shadows. Ever waiting,
ever pondering the very
moment that I will have
my vengeance. I will
protect the innocent and
defend these lands. I will
uphold the truth and laws
of this land. Someday I
will erect the land of
Elvenmoore. My tower
shrine and sanctuary. But,
that shall be after my
vengeance. After this
finally shall I cry again
for my comrades. I shall
shed the tears I have
never shed, the tears
that have built up for
more than 2 years. Minax
will be found, and she
shall pay for what she
has done to me, my

comrades, the people of
this land, and to all
others! Anyone who does
stand before me and dare
try stop me hear me
now. You will not live to
tell your tale of a woman
driven into the deepest
shadows of her mind, a
woman who has dwelled on
here dark thoughts, a
woman nearly driven
insane by the thoughts
she had, a woman who
was torn from herself by
the ever lasting rage and
the vile crimes she has
comited. Forty perfectly
innocent persons have
fallen to my blade, forty
have gone beneath my
boot, that is one too
many of innocents that
have perish out of my
rage, out of my quest to
burn off the fires that
are in my heart! Thus,
forty more my enemies
shall feel my vengeance
forty times over for
each one that the rage
they caused has killed!
Join me and The Paladins
of Britania. Join us to
defeat the evils of this
land, and Minax! Her
armies are in legion even
now! To battle!! Breakfast
well, for tonight we dine
in Hell !!!! But a beautiful
Hell it shall be. My
vengeance delt, my sorrow
ended, my mourning finaly
able to be done, finaly
able to die happy, finaly
able to comit to god,
finaly to end the killings.
See you on the Lost Isle.

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He is

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With

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Me

{The only tear that has  
escaped me since that  
night stains this page}

